

POEMS
BY
FRANCES E. POPE



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POEMS

P O E M S

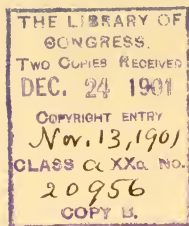
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FRANCES E. POPE



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TO
My Songs
THE LIVING AND THE DEAD
THIS VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

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Poems

A DAY IS DONE

A DAY is done ; another strand is parted
That Life had woven in its silver cord ;
The fadeless record of the hours departed
Is written by the angel of the Lord.

A day is done ; with youth's enraptured visions,
Whereon distrust hath laid no blighting spoil ;
And manhood's vain regrets and stern decisions
For lost endeavor and for coming toil.

What words of mighty influence have risen,
Of God-sent patience and of human strife ?

What thoughts, too deep for words, have burst their
 prison,
And been inscribed within the book of Life?

Somewhere, to-day, have promises been spoken
That through the soul have pealed like song sublime ;
Somewhere, to-day, have treasured vows been broken
And buried in the sepulchre of time.

More mystic souls have waked on earth, impassioned
With all life's earnestness and hope and trust ;
More narrow houses have been sadly fashioned,
Where anguished hearts have yielded dust to dust.

Fresh harvests have from countless minds been
 gathered,
The grain of thought and wisdom's ripened ears ;
The flowers of fancy, in the blossom withered,
And tares of passion reaped with many tears.

Some have grown weary with the toil of living
And longed to lay their grievous burdens down ;
While some have raised the voice of glad thanksgiving
That Earth was given to win a Heavenly crown.

Mortals who scorned the tones of intercession,
Nor recognized the Master's patient care,
To-day have breathed the words of meek confession
And thrilled all Heaven with penitential prayer.

Thus one more wave Time's never-ceasing river
Has borne out toward the great eternal sea ;
And on its crest have floated to the Giver
Our talents with their slender usury.

A LITTLE WHILE

ONLY a little while
That we shall follow down the lapsing
years,

And scatter seed whose grain we never see,
Or reap, maybe, with tears.

Only a little while
That we shall bear the burden and the cross,
And know the life that time unfolds to us,
Its sorrow and its loss.

Only a little while
That we shall walk with blindly groping hands,
And weary, lean on reeds, or stop to rest
Upon unsheltered sands.

Only a little while
Before the lifting of the cloud and mist,
That from our vision veil the far-off fields
Of gold and amethyst.

Only a little while
Before the beating storm be overpast,
And we in seas of sweet serenity
Drop anchor at the last.

Only a little while
To work and wait, to conquer and control,
Before celestial sympathies set free
The music of the soul.

Only a little while
Before the morning ; ah, divine and fair
Will be its breaking after all the hope,
The patience and the prayer !

OH, WE 'LL GROW OLD
TOGETHER

OH, we 'll grow old together
In storm or sunny weather ;
Old Time, 't is true, will bring us care
And scatter silver in our hair ;
But we 'll grow old together,
Ah yes, please God, together.

Our sky will cloud and brighten,
Our burdens weigh and lighten ;
The cup of life is bitter-sweet,
Rose-thorns will grow about our feet,
Yet we 'll grow old together,
God willing, still together.

Whatever path before us,
We know God's heaven is o'er us ;
All lives have frost and chill, you know,
And ours will have its fall of snow ;
But we 'll grow old together,
I hope in God, together.

No matter for the trouble,
We 'll share it, while we double
The joy that mingles with the loss,
The faith that rises from the cross,
And so grow old together,
If God so will, together.

Oh, we 'll grow old together,
Come storm or sunny weather ;
And when the chastening falls from God,
Ah, love, we 'll bow and kiss the rod,
And we 'll grow old together,
Always, God grant, together.

WANDERING

A FAR from thee, my Lord,
Oh, rough and perilous my clouded way ;
Oh, sad heart, toiling on from day to day ;
No comfort from thy Word,
Nor blessing, swift-descending when I pray,
Bridges the midnight gulf of sin and doubt,
That from thy peaceful presence shuts me out.

Afar from thee, O Lord !
And tares are growing where the wheat should be ;
The fruit upon the long-neglected tree
Is withered, and no hoard
Of harvest wealth will autumn yield for me ;
For fallow lie my soul's fair meadow-lands,
And needful toil awaits my idle hands.

Afar from thee, O Lord !
And thy immortal symphonies that roll
In thrilling waves across the raptured soul,
Wake no responsive chord
In mine, untuned, and lost in uncontrol ;
Upon the willow hangs my harp unstrung,
And Zion's songs my mute voice leaves unsung.

Afar from thee, O Lord !
And painful grows the burden that I bear
Without thy arm its heaviness to share,
And I, my bark unmoored,
And colors drooping on the evening air,
Am drifting onward to the rolling sea, —
My Lord, that I were drifting nearer thee !

THE SHOEMAKER

STEADILY, dreamily falleth the rain,
Bringing its memories bitter and sweet ;
Pattering pleasantly over the plain,
Gloomily into the darkening street ;
I at my window am sitting to-day,
Watching the shoemaker over the way.

Days of rejoicing and days of regret
Bring to us gladness or wearying tears ;
Mortals grow changeful and learn to forget
All but their sorrows that keep pace with years ;
Still sits the shoemaker, every day
Hammering busily over the way.

Last year a child used to sit at his feet,
Learning the lessons he quaintly expressed,

That the beloved of the Master will meet
In the Hereafter of blessing and rest ;
No childish reas'ner with serious eyes
Listens to-day to his homely replies.

For when the autumn had ripened the sheaves,
God set the portals of Heaven ajar ;
And the child went, at the fall of the leaves,
Up to the glory-lit mansions afar,
Whence, as she entered, shot arrows of light
Down to the shoemaker's reverent sight.

He has no portion of earth-given gold,
Weaving around him its mystical spell ;
Yet with the faith that is strong to uphold,
Laboring patiently, conquering well,
Longs for the city that never is dim,
Where his inheritance waiteth for him.

Thus for us all is it better to bear
Crosses that seem to us heavily laid ;
Better the spirit of patience to wear
Through our life-journey of sunshine and shade ;
This is the lesson I gathered to-day,
Watching the shoemaker over the way.

AMONG THE PINES

ALL in the silver night
The whisper of restless pines anear
The slope of my roof I hear, I hear,
With pulses throbbing at fever height ;
Like some old picture the far years lie
In all the story that time has made,
The joy for light and the pain for shade,
And shining glimpses of peaceful sky ;
O pines, O pines !
Breathe lower, my heart is made of tears,
I think, so moved by these simple years.

Ever the same old song
They sing, these pines that I used to know ;
Just as the salt waves come and go,

Landward and seaward, the whole year long ;
But the years have darkened everything,
Like early frosts ; this song is mad
With burning passion intense and sad,
As mine would be if I could sing ;

O pines, O pines !

My beautiful day of youth is gone,
Ah, me ! for the days that are coming on.

Loved ones, long gone from me,
Awaiting me on the peaceful shore
To whose sweet quiet I looked before
Ye went up higher, I cannot see
As then I did, with crystal faith,
The gates of shining pearl unclosed ;
Oh, lost, we dwell apart, God knows
Divided by wider gulf than death ;

O pines, O pines !

I shiver at what my fate may be,
Shipwrecked upon an unknown sea.

Could my full eyes but see
The years lapse into their gentle spring,
And love go back to its blossoming,
Instead of this bitter-fruited tree ;
So tired of winding the thread of fate,
Of holding my hands toward God so long
From my humanity's painful wrong,
While still I falter and weep and wait ;

O pines, O pines,
I falter and weep and wait to-night ;
Jesus, be pitiful from thy height !

“GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY
VINEYARD”

THE sunshine falls aslant, and all the hills
Throw eastward shadows far across the plains ;
The day its round of golden hours fulfils,
Why stand ye idle while the work remains?
Still lies the levelled grain upon the field,
The sheaves unbound, the granaries unfilled ;
Still are the riches of the vine concealed
In clusters pent with juices undistilled ;
O trifling hands ! not thus the effort shirk,
The night is coming when ye cannot work.

I think of needful toil that must be done
To teach the human soul its aim sublime ;
I think of victories that must be won,

All up and down these battlefields of time.
We live and therefore have life's end to gain,
Against whatever winds that wildly blow ;
For still we see, above our loss and pain,
The Right to prove, the Wrong to overthrow ;
Take up the burden, then, whose weight ye irk,
The night is coming when ye cannot work.

Yon boat, wave-tost, whose strength is nearly spent,
Hath lack of good, true hands to steer and row ;
At yonder forge the iron pales unbent,
Quick, stalwart arm, and strike the needed blow !
No ringing stroke within the forest falls,
Unfelled the ready mast, unhewn the spar ;
And now while God's unfinished labor calls,
Lo, from the west looks out the evening star !
Up, loiterers ! for shadows darkling lurk,
The night is coming when ye cannot work.

AT NIGHTFALL

THE night is lifting
 Its pinion, drifting
The shadows up from the silent land
 Of mystic vision
 And dream elysian,
Forever shifting along the strand.

 In symbol shining
 The stars are twining
The fable of heroes vanished long ;
 The pleasing story
 Of love and glory
Immortal poets have wreathed in song.

 The winds are coming
 With plaintive humming,

From forest, valley and meadow sweet,
 Their perfume bringing
 And coyly flinging
A burden of incense at my feet.

 The rose is dying,
 The lily sighing,
The passion-flower's adroop with tears,
 As half forgetful
 And half regretful,
I dream and dream of the buried years.

 Old years enchanting,
 Forever haunting,
The darker, drearier years that be,
 With recollections
 Of sweet affections,
That seem the earnest of Heaven to me.

Along the river
The willows shiver,
As through them wandering breezes blow,
Whose cadence filling
My soul is thrilling
As old songs sung in the long ago.
And toil is ending,
While homes are sending
Their evening welcome of household cheer,
And children's laughter
Like music after
A bride is given, is ringing clear.

O night enchanting !
My soul is panting
With thoughts thy coming has stirred in me,
With pent emotion
And dumb devotion
And blind outreaching to destiny,

That mocks as ever
My vain endeavor
To pierce the shadow that veils my sight,
As half regretful
And half forgetful,
I dream and dream in the falling night.

THE FERRYMAN

DO you know the grim old Ferryman
Who sails the unknown bay?
He freights his ruthless boat with men
From off our pleasant shore, and then
Goes leagues on leagues away.

Oh, many a night when winds are wild
And stars forget to shine,
When none would dare to wield the oar,
He anchors boldly off the shore
And hoists his fatal sign.

Alas, alas, O Ferryman !
Thou rowest all too well ;
For many with thee have sailed away,
But none recross the shadowy bay
Its mystery to tell.

Alas, alas, O Ferryman !

For never grief was laid
Upon our household till the night
You rowed our well-beloved from sight,
When none could lend us aid.

For when the solemn midnight fell,
His loving eyes grew dim ;
He said, — “ God pity us,” cried we, —
“ I hear the Ferryman calling me
To sail away with him.”

And all too true across the bay
Relentless came the call ;
And nearer, nearer toward the shore,
We heard the dip of his stealthy oar,
The plash of his anchor's fall.

Oh, tell us, stern old Ferryman,
 To what far shore you steer ;
And if the land you journey to
Hath hearts that love as here they do,
 And homes that are half as dear.

For be the country bleak and lone,
 Bring back our lost, we pray ;
But be they peaceful where they dwell,
Then call us unto thee as well
 And row us down the bay.

OUR PISGAH

LET thanks be rendered to our God
That in his gracious might,
Our weary feet at last have trod
This mountain top of light.

Oh, long, long days of hope deferred,
And nights without a star ;
Oh, prayers that seemed so long unheard,
Here God's great answers are.

Now from this happy height we look
With ever-brimming eyes,
Upon the grievous paths we took,
Grown dear by sacrifice.

Through wilderness and desert plain
Our journeyings have been,
Where many lie unheeding, slain
To expiate our sin.

All up and down where we have passed
Our shattered idols lie ;
Old creeds fall powerless at last,
For God hath cast them by.

Thus cherished dogmas crumble, thus
Old superstitions fail ;
The wrong is past that withered us,
Hard threshed beneath God's flail.

Down through the gloom of battle smoke
The sun of promise breaks ;
As Israel's hope of rest awoke,
Our Nation's hope awakes.

The promised land before us lies,
The hoped-for, blissful end ;
And o'er its hills of peace the skies
With benedictions bend.

With purple richness droops the vine,
Fair fruitage fills the tree,
The waves of grain, bright-burnished, shine
And ripple like the sea.

The sunshine falls forever bright
Where sweet magnolias blow,
And cotton-fields are blossomed white
As plains of northern snow.

Weave finest fabrics, busy looms !
For princess meet to wear ;
The dusky hands that pluck the blooms
Nor chains nor fetters bear.

From lake to gulf, from sea to sea,
Our country stands defin'd ;
Godlike in that she dares to be
The friend of human-kind.

Of liberty, the gift of God,
She makes a common good,
And sees, in all upon her sod,
An equal brotherhood.

And wisdom's treasures she unfolds
With liberal hand and just ;
No wrong bestows, no right withholds,
True to her higher trust.

Then thanks be rendered to our God
That in his gracious might,
Our weary feet at last have trod
This mountain top of light.

THREE LITTLE STOCKINGS

THREE little stockings, all in a row,
Hanging there in the fireside glow ;
Empty stockings — and what can it be ?
A baby's sock to make the three !

Four little feet will come at morn,
Just as soon as the day is born ;
Two little hearts, with glad surprise,
Will look and laugh through eager eyes,

To see the gay and curious toys
Santa Claus brings his little boys ;
But Baby will think to himself and be
None the wiser that I can see.

Three little stockings, all in a row !
Good old Santa, who come and go
Year by year in the midnight deep,
While the children are fast asleep,

Whither will pass the little feet
After they reach the World's wide street?
What will the dear hands find to do
While their owners are going through?

Three little heads are full of dreams,
Bright as the firelight's dancing beams ;
Tell me, what will they dream about
As coming years glide in and out?

After the home no more controls,
What shall temper these little souls,
Smile or frown, the kiss or the rod,
To mould and finish them ready for God?

Now, good Santa, tell me true,
Everything I have asked of you ;
Then up the chimney you may go
And ride away in the Christmas snow.

Three little stockings, all in a row,
Filled with trinkets from top to toe ;
But never a word he answered me,
And Baby 's as wise as I can be !

A CHRISTMAS STORY

A DREAM of falling snow ;
Most like a dream so daintily it
came

As night fell suddenly upon the sight,
Bringing quick thoughts of household love and
light,

And fires of Christmas flame ;
All up and down the streets where, to and fro,
The changing crowds their differing ways were
wending,

Still fluttered, soft and slow,
The dream as pure as one of Heaven's own
sending.

That night we gathered in
Around the radiant blaze, a group of four ;
The household heads, just mellowing into prime,
As yet touched lightly by the frosts of time,
Myself and yet one more,
A stranger come among his next of kin,
Fresh from far lands and worn with years of travel ;
Now glad a rest to win,
And long-lost threads of early days to ravel.

The changes that had crept
Across the passive surface of our lives ;
The country's strides toward well-won eminence,
Her growth and culture — labor's recompense —
That prove a nation thrives ;
And lesser themes, as who were wed, who slept
Beneath the flow of death's engulfing river,
We spoke of till we kept
High carnival of scenes gone by forever.

Then pleasant mention he
Returned of treasured views in Old World lands ;
Heights of grand beauty, palaces of fame,
And countries rich in classic lore and name ;
Of sunny eastern sands
And northern snows ; of summery southern sea,
Set up and down with isles in jewel fashion ;
And shores most blest to be
Where poets sang with poets' deepest passion.

And last fair Palestine,
Home of blest memories and consecrate
With perfect love's majestic sacrifice ;
" Ah, yet," he said, " before my filling eyes,
Land ever grandly great !
I thought where Galilee's trod waters shine,
Of souls laid bare beneath God's honest threshing ;
But not, alas, on mine
Fell tender consolation and refreshing.

“ Yet, long soul-skeptic, when
Thoughts of this Jesus' teaching came to me,
Of hearts unveiled in God's clear, deathless day,
I felt the sand beneath my feet give way
Beside that hallowed sea ;
Oh, I would give my wisdom learned of men,
The tempting sophistries whose wiles have caught me,
Could I but sing again
The simple hymns my Christian mother taught me !

“ We are too well content
To feed on husks, dry straws, and empty chaff,
That could not bear such winnowing as, 't is said,
God makes ; our thirsty souls too much are led
From salt-sea founts to quaff.”
He paced the room in silence, all attent
On themes whose truth has baffled sages' reason ;
Then paused, with brow upbent,
Before a cross, green symbol of the season.

“ If I might learn to say,
O Christ of human heart, O Crucified !
Whatever pain I have of need or loss,
I leave within the shadow of thy cross,
Resigned and satisfied ! ”
His eyes, a moment, held that far-away,
Uncertain look one wears from sleep awaking ;
Then said he, “ Let us pray ; ”
And as he knelt I saw that day was breaking.

GRANDMOTHER READING THE BIBLE

HUSH, little feet ! go softly
Over the echoing floor,
Grandmother's reading the Bible
There by the open door ;
All its pages grow dearer still,
Now she is almost down the hill.

Mellow September sunshine
Round her is gently shed,
Gold and silver together
Crowning her bended head ;
While she follows where saints have trod,
Reading the blessed Book of God.

Grandmother's past the morning,
Past the noonday sun,
And she is reading and resting,
After her work is done ;
Now in the quiet autumn eves,
She has only to bind her sheaves.

Almost through with trial,
Almost done with care,
And the discipline of sorrow,
Hallowed by trust and prayer ;
Waiting to lay her armor down,
To go up higher and take her crown.

No little feet to follow
Over their weary road ;
No little hands to lighten
Of many a heavy load ;

Children standing in honored prime
Bless her now in her evening time.

Grandmother's closed the volume,
And by her saintly look
Peace I know she has gathered
Out of the sacred book ;
Maybe she catches through that door
Glimpses of Heaven's eternal shore.

MY THANKSGIVING

WHILE through the land the faithful and be-
lieving

In grateful suppliance bow,
And all the air is vocal with thanksgiving,
My soul, what givest thou?

Oh, looking in remembrance down the reaches
Of years my feet have trod,
Not one hath lack, not one but surely teaches
The providence of God.

Still hath the manna gathered ere my fasting,
And still the stream hath gushed
From desert rock at whose delightful tasting
My murmurs have been hushed.

Ay, not alone the wants this life inherits
Have been to me supplied,
For higher needs, through Christ's uncounted merits,
Have been well satisfied.

Of this fair earth I own no teeming acre,
Yet am I often led
In fields of peace and made to be partaker
Of heavenly good instead.

Through vales where falls the sunlight of God's glory,
In tender mood I roam,
Or from the mount of promise read the story
Of love and rest and home.

No mansion fair is mine, yet is my dwelling
All beautiful and wide ;
And joy within my heart is ever swelling,
Since I with Christ abide.

And so, though I possess no crowded coffer,
Content, best wealth, is mine ;
And my thanksgiving, Lord, to thee I offer
For riches so divine.

A CROWD OF BOYS

WE live in a bit of a cottage,
With rooms neither many nor wide,
Yet we 're rich in possessions—at table,
Our children count three on a side ;
There are brown eyes and blue eyes and hazel,
And with various gifts they 're endowed,
But the school-boys agree that our Benny
Is the jolliest boy in the crowd.

My neighbor, who has only daughters,
Came in with her sewing one day,
And while we were pleasantly chatting,
The children came in from their play ;

She paused in the midst of a story,
Unused to hear voices so loud,
But smilingly added, "Your Benny
Is the noisiest boy in the crowd !"

Their Grandpa drops in of a morning,
And is often invited to stop
To tell them some story or other,
Or mend up a wagon or top ;
He is always amused at their sayings,
And seems of them all to be proud ;
But he says, *sotto voce*, that Benny
Is the smartest of all in the crowd.

And Grandma, who dwells in the quiet,
Unmoved by earth's clamor and noise,
Comes in with her sweet, placid manners,
For an afternoon's talk with the boys ;

She sets them at peace if a quarrel
Breaks over their joys like a cloud ;
She is fond of them all, but thinks Benny
Is the prettiest one in the crowd.

My aunt, from her stately old mansion,
O'ershadowed by poplar and elm,
Came down to the city last winter,
To visit my turbulent realm.
“I am glad,” she assured me at parting,
“Such blessings to you are allowed ;
But keep a tight rein on that Benny,
He 's the sauciest boy in the crowd !”

At night, when they all have been settled
In crib and in cradle and bed,
I go on a tour of inspection
And pillow each slumbering head ;

And while I commend them to Heaven,
With spirit in reverence bowed,
I am sure I can never determine
The dearest or best in the crowd.

AT THE DAWN OF SUMMER

AH, the portal of the Orient stands ajar !
On the threshold falls the dainty foot of Summer,
Wake, ye herald blossoms, for the fairy comer ;
Breathe a welcome, breezes, for my sweet, my star !

From the sun the rays are growing straight and long,
Over all the meadows golden buds are breaking,
And the air is full of melody, awaking
Far-off echoes faintly sending song to song.

But upon the sunny slope by Auster fann'd,
Tender leaves are crushed beneath the angry showers,
And the red is on the trampled grass and flowers,
As if Autumn trod upon the southern land.

Oh, the harvests the fierce reapers gather in !
Oh, the grain, half-ripe, the whetted sickles level !
While along the field Mars holds his fearful revel,
To the clangor of discordant battle-din.

Hark ! I hear the lamentations and the sighs,
Floating solemnly across the Northern waters,
From the widowed mothers and the weeping daughters,
Who are mourning for the Southern sacrifice.

Hark ! I hear the shout of victory over all,
With its promise of the perfect land before us,
Sounding from the crimson field in loyal chorus,
Even from the faithful dying as they fall.

Let the pæan roll on grandly up to God !
Millions breathe his air the freer that the Nation
Bows to-day with voice uplift in tribulation ;
Patience, brothers, let us pass beneath the rod !

APPLE BLOOMS

MAY sunshine on the orchard bough,
 May crowns of bud and blow,
Whose petals have drifted on the wind
 And whitened the green below,
Like a dream of peace that flutters down
 To a baby's soul of snow.

I wish the blossoms would fall on me
 And whiten my sins away !
Yet my heart is full as apple-boughs
 Of the bloom and shine of May,
That make me dream of Paradise
 And Heaven's eternal day.

THE MIRACLE OF FAITH

LONG time ago I stood beside the sea
And watched the waters opal in the sun ;
White birds were dipping in the glancing waves,
White sails were coming homeward one by one.

Fair ships went outward bearing goodly freight
And happy souls, unburdened with a fear ;
From ship and shore responsive signals waved,
While fond eyes watched beloved ones disappear.

And last went out a vessel small and frail,
With lack of store and lack of able hands ;
No loving signal floated on the deck,
And none dropped lonesome tears upon the sands.

“Alas,” I thought, “what dangers of the deep,
What treacheries of coast imperil thee !
What days of dread, what nights of hopelessness,
Await thy coming on the lonely sea ! ”

Suns rose and fell, and from the self-same shore
I watched the waves now passionate with fate ;
Doomed vessels hoisted unavailing signs,
While Death called mockingly, “Too late, too
late ! ”

Ah, me ! the anguished faces on the shore,
The frenzied hands held toward the hungry tide,
And eyes through which despairing souls beheld
A great hope and its ruin side by side !

Still surged the angry waters till the coast
Was strewn with wrecks that gallant ships had been ;
But when the night was shutting darkly down
I saw a little vessel coming in.

Through surf, through breakers, dauntlessly she came,
And when at length in port she safely lay,
I recognized the same intrepid ship
That months before, unwept, had sailed away.

“ O little bark ! ” I cried, “ what carried thee
Through seas that yawned and storms that fiercely
roar’d,
When stronger ships with all their crews went down ? ”
The Master said, “ We had the Lord on board.

“ His word, O friend, hath still the power that held
A stormy Galilee in calm control ;
To him who trusts is no unrest or fear,
And Death but drops the anchor to his soul.”

PANSIES

WHEN the pansies blossomed in the spring,
 Little Margaret (I always called her Pearl)
Used to come with cheeks a-coloring
 And the sunshine tost in every curl,
With the bright-eyed beauties in her hand,
 Saying often, when within my own
She had placed them, "In the happy land
 Do the pansies bloom about God's throne?"

When the pansies blossomed in the spring,
 All the house was brightened with their bloom,
And she seemed the more to play and sing,
 Though the day were full of rain and gloom.
She was very fair, my blue-eyed Pearl,
 With her cheeks pink-tinted like a shell ;
All the neighbors said my little girl
 Bore a name that fitted strangely well.

When the pansies blossomed in the spring,
We had talks together, long and dear ;
Now the words she used to utter ring
In my brain through all the livelong year.
For the little hands grew tired one day,
Even of picking sunny pansy blooms ;
So God took her tenderly away,
Leaving withered blossoms in our rooms.

When the pansies blossom in the spring,
I go often to their smiling bed,
Lonesome for the voice that does not sing,
And the tripping feet that always led ;
Yet I cannot mourn because her hand
Never puts the blossoms in my own,
For I know that in the happy land
Just such pansies bloom about God's throne.

THY TRUST

O CHRISTIAN, looking heavenward to inherit
The treasure garnered there from moth and rust,
How dost thou keep the gift of precious merit
The Master hath committed to thy trust?

Whate'er its worth, a kingdom or a pittance,
The gift is much to thee, for on its care
And sacred keeping hangs thy soul's admittance
To days of praise beyond these nights of prayer.

So then neglect it not, but use it rather
In service for thy God and fellow-men ;
Then canst thou, when he comes his own to gather,
Return it richer to his hand again.

The morning must not break and find thee sleeping,
The night must never meet thee unaware ;
Slack not thy toil and in the time of reaping
The balm of peace shall blossom everywhere.

Keep watch and ward to guard thy mouth securely,
Lest even thy friend thy counsels undermine ;
No soul, howe'er endowed, can fathom surely
The wealth enshrined within the depths of thine.

Therefore cast not its pearls in common places,
Lest they be trampled by unmindful herds ;
The brook, o'erflowing, leaves disastrous traces,
And thou shalt suffer loss from wasted words.

But when the Lord shall tell thee to deliver
The message he hath spoken in thy soul,
Like seasoned arrows from anointed quiver,
Send forth his truth nor fear to send the whole.

Though friend desert thee for thy honest thinking,
 Though foe denounce with bitter lip unjust,
 Still each unwelcome cup God fills thee drinking,
 "Keep that which is committed to thy trust."

Nor yet in self-denial must thou glory,
 As though approved before the race is run ;
 Go till thy ground,—its fruit shall tell the story,—
 And meekly wait for God to say "Well done."

WATCHING

A SHIP went sailing away one day,
Out over the smiling sea ;
She carried her flag right royally,
And she carried my heart from me.

I watched her flight till the shining day
Went down to its golden even,
And then her white sail vanished from me,
Close under the eaves of heaven.

The shore 's in shadow, the lonesome time
Hangs heavily day by day,
As I watch for my light to break again,
With the break of prow-tost spray.

The tide comes in and the tide goes out,
And ships sail over the sea,
But never the one with the floating flag
That carried my heart from me.

And whether she sail the frowning sea,
And whether her crew be well,
Or whether she foundered long ago,
Alas, I cannot tell.

Oh, sadly now the solemn day
Goes down to its weary even,
For never my ship comes back again
From under the eaves of heaven.

THE SACRIFICE THAT IS MEET

I BUILT an altar to my blessed Lord,
Of choicest substance and of finest make ;
Believing nothing I could lay thereon
Too beautiful or precious for his sake ;
Then from the flock the fairest heifer brought,
And on the sacrifice a blessing sought.

But while the fragrant smoke of offering rose,
The Lord smiled no approval from the skies ;
So then a dove with snowy wing I gave,
Yet found no cheering favor in his eyes ;
And stores of glistening pearl and radiant gem
I brought with loving heart and offered them.

Then came the gracious Master to my side,
Still no acceptance had my efforts earned ;
“ O Lord, myself I give ! ” with tears I cried ;
He gently said, “ Has not thy heart yet learned,
Dear child, what things are pleasing in my eyes ?
Obedience is more than sacrifice !

“ What if I suffer thee to gather in
Earth’s treasures pleasant to thy mortal eyes ?
What then availeth thee to offer up
Things given thee to improve, not sacrifice ?
Take heed lest on the work thou wouldst not mar
Thy untaught hand, too hasty, leave a scar.

“ Thy thoughts are not my thoughts, nor thy ways mine
What thou call’st gold to me is only dross ;
And much my mind esteems thy highest good,
O blinded human soul, thou countest loss !

So may thy sacrifice be emptiness
Unless thy heart, the altar, I can bless.

“I am the Potter, — be thou but the clay,
That passive lies beneath my shaping hand ;
And after thou art formed be still content
To wait with resignation my command ;
Thy place the first and most esteemed may be,
If last and lowest, what is that to thee?

“Not blood of flocks, not even thy body burned,
Not fires of thy own kindling can prevail ;
Dost thou not know that in thy loving zeal
Thy gifts would make the Cross of no avail?
Forgettest thou that at my Father’s call
I made the perfect offering once for all?”

Reproved, yet loving much, I worshipped him,
With tears that melted darkness into day.

“ O Saviour, crucified, I now can see
The stone that shut thy tomb is rolled away ;
I wait till Thou thy perfect will reveal,
Yea, silent, till thy angel loose the seal ! ”

A BOY'S QUERY

MY queer little boy with the radiant eyes
 Stood watching the clock one day,
And I thought he was listening to hear the wheels
 Ticking the time away ;
He turned when the hour had finished its round
 With a chime of silvery strokes,
But instead of a speech on the flight of time
 Said, " What is the use of folks ? "

I wonder what Darwin would say to him,
 Or Tyndall with word profound ;
I wonder if some of our own divines
 Would take him to be " unsound. "

The Russ and the Moslem, looking down
On their harvest of crimson shame,
If they doubt the work of their battlefields,
Will possibly ask the same.

Ah, questioning boy with the shining eyes,
How dare I attempt to teach
Of far-off paths I have never trod,
In my unscholarly speech?
For to know the use of folks, my child,
We must fathom the Maker's plan ;
'Tis an old, old problem that sages call
"What is the end of man?"

Yet even a child may learn enough
Of the deep creative thought
To shape his life to the life divine,
And be by the Master taught ;

And I pray that the Maker of all below
 May into thy soul instil
Such gifts of wisdom that thou shalt know
 The place He would have thee fill.

Forth from the highways, danger set,
 Forth from the alleys dim,
Many a sinner saved may go
 Who can tell of thy good to him ;
Then He who knoweth the end of all
 Shall one day say to thee,
“As thou wast of use to the least of these,
 Thou wast also of use to me.”

THE LAST PAGE

AMID the shadows of a closing day
An old man sat beside a dying fire,
Watching the embers in their slow decay
Which seemed unwonted fancies to inspire.

Beside him stood a child with golden head
And blue eyes gazing on her grave grandsire ;
At length, half shy, half curious, she said,
“What are you reading, Grandpa, in the fire?”

“My child,” he said, “the volume of my life
Lies open with its pages nearly done ;
The fire repeats the story of its strife,
Its burned-out energies, its sinking sun.

“ Year after year this volume I have read,
Till now, dear child, the last page is begun,
Through whose dim lines I trace a shining thread
That weaves the past and future into one.

“ Beloved companions of long-vanished years
Have closed their books and reached the other
shore,
Where, though I see them not through blinding tears,
Their welcome waits me as in days of yore.

“ Thou, little one, hast hope in all thy speech
When looking toward thy promised womanhood ;
As one beholds a picture, out of reach,
With longing though but dimly understood.

“ While I, with feet far down life's western slope,
Look forward still from this last precious page
With all my childhood's eager, longing hope
Subdued and blended in the trust of age.

“Life is not ended when its fires are dead ;
These ashes, though the flame goes out in gloom,
Would give fresh vigor to your garden bed
From whence should spring new charms of leaf
and bloom.

“So burned-out lives leave ashes that distil
Their hidden influences that never die,
From which will ripen harvests good or ill,
To bless or curse as coming years roll by.

“And oh, the soul itself, unbound at last,
From all its dear yet hindering earthly ties,
Its work laid by, its griefs forever past,
In glorious resurrection shall arise.

“Study thy opening book with earnest heart ;
Its teachings ponder, from each well-read page
Draw wisdom ; it will gracious gifts impart,
Enrich thy youth, and crown with peace thy age.”

MY PLEDGE

I STAND beside the smiling flow
Of friendship's pleasant river,
And fill the cup of blessing up
To thee, my friend, forever.

Like blushes in the fragrant depths
Of half-blown roses sleeping,
The gentle wine of love's sweet vine
Grows rosy in my keeping,

With mantling hopes that smile and shine
And break in sparkling bubbles,
For much of joy and light alloy
As well can be of troubles.

Men name their loves around the board
And pledge them, drinking deeply ;
I sometimes think they gayly drink
A woman's name too cheaply.

But in the vintage of the soul,
Dark-hued with deep compassion,
Let woman make, for woman's sake,
Her pledge in loyal fashion.

And so beside the smiling flow
Of friendship's pleasant river,
I crown the cup and drink it up
To thee, my friend, forever.

COMPENSATION

THE path I walk is not what I would choose,
For often clouds hang o'er me, heavy-brow'd,
And clasping briers and thorns about me crowd,
While others gain the blessedness I lose.
It leads me where relentless Care pursues,
And patient Sorrow weaves a frequent shroud ;
Up rugged mountain sides that storms have plow'd,
In dells whose gloom the sunlight vainly woos.
Yet in and out among the rending thorns
Grow love's red roses with their hearts aglow ;
In silent even-tides, in vocal morns,
Unspoken ecstasies of soul I know ;
In haunts obscure, in some untravelled lane,
The good that others overlook I gain.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR

“**N**EARER, my God, to Thee,” the people sang,
While down the church the solemn music
rang,

And through the doorway its pathetic prayer
Stole tenderly upon the evening air.

One, passing, lingered in the shadow dim,
As rose and fell the cadence of the hymn,
A woman with a woman's mien of grace
Yet with a look not woman's in her face.

Yet still she lingered while the hymn she heard,
As though a chord, long silent, had been stirr'd
By unaccustomed yet controlling hand,
That held even such as she in calm command.

“ Nearer, my God, to Thee ; ” she knew it stole
With thrilling intonation through her soul,
And o’er her face a glimpse of sorrow swept,
Where pride its long, unyielding reign had kept.

Like phantoms of a dream came thronging fast
Vague memories from her long-neglected past,
Of hymns and prayers upborne with sweet accord
To One her father honored as his Lord.

She heard her mother’s plea of long ago,
That as her children, well beloved, should grow
And walk life’s road of changing circumstance,
Pure hearts might be their sure inheritance.

“ Nearer my God to Thee ; ” how far she stood
From all her right to honored womanhood,
How far from home, whose blessedness and light
Seemed far from *her* as Heaven itself to-night !

The hymn was ended, but the listener drew
Nearer the door, inspired with impulse new ;
And in the hush that followed, " Let us pray,"
She heard the minister devoutly say.

No ethics of the schools she understood,
One swift desire possessed her — to be good ;
And she, with right Christ made divinely hers,
Entered and knelt among the worshippers.

THE CHRISTIAN HYMN

FROM the world's disturbed concerns

Longingly my spirit turns

To the place of sweet repose

Which the Master's presence knows ;

And I rest content, subdued,

In that holy quietude.

Earthly joys are frail and few,

Cares, oft vanquished, still pursue ;

Life soon gains its farthest height,

Rounds its noon, and sinks in night ;

Ere his thirst the pilgrim slakes,

At the fount the pitcher breaks.

Stormy clouds above me roll,

Yet in peace abides my soul ;

Sorrow sits within my door,
God doth comfort still the more ;
Death itself has lost its sting,
For to Christ, the Rock, I cling.

Though the sun forever set,
Though the earth her path forget,
Time be ended, and there be
No more heaven and no more sea,
Faith, triumphant, sees afar,
Where eternal havens are.

When that morn divine shall wake,
And celestial chorals break ;
When shall dawn upon my view
All the seer of Patmos knew,
Soul, what rapture then to sing
In the presence of thy King !

MY LOST BIRD

I LOOK out through the veil of shadows
That hangs about my life of pain,
As mists hang over lowland meadows,
Or dreams float through a troubled brain ;
The cloud reveals a sunny lining,
And sweet wood-music meets my ear,
But not for me is song or shining,
My Linnet ! since thou art not here.

I knew my sun had set forever
When Death caressed thy golden hair ;
Yet over fate's dividing river
I strive to catch the perfect air

I know thy angel voice is singing ;
 Ah, vain ! my ear, benumbed by sighs,
Lost sense of sound when, upward winging,
 My bird flew into Paradise.

The eager buds are full to breaking,
 And earth sends up low sounds of spring ;
The exiled bird aloft is shaking
 The slumber from his northward wing ;
Again is Nature's mystic story
 Repeated to the happy skies,
That lost for me their azure glory
 When paled the violet in thy eyes.

For long ago when spring's sweet chorus
 Uprose and held the listening ear,
We watched the soft sky bending o'er us
 With genial promise for the year ;

Down fell the sunshine, golden, glowing,
Down fell the blooms from apple-trees,
And dreamful thoughts were coming, going,
In lullabies of brook and breeze.

We spoke of life, of souls that linger
Through death's dark night-time of decay,
Till God with resurrection finger
Unlocks the gates of perfect day ;
Oh, many a year the spring has given
Its violets since that day of bliss ;
Thou hast the peaceful side of heaven,
While I still breast the storms of this.

But sometimes when the sun is flinging
Farewells of fire across the hills,
I seem to see God's angels bringing
The faith that sanctifies and stills ;

O cloud about the sunset burning,
Uplift your wing, my heart might know
More hope and patience if discerning
What lies beyond those heights of snow.

The sun goes down and purple shadows
Across the sombre landscape creep ;
Uprising mists enshroud the meadows,
And Nature gently falls asleep ;
One arrow from the sun's bright quiver,
With parting promise flies to me,
As over death's dividing river
I listen for thy melody.

THE RETURN OF YOUTH

A BIRD flew down to my window-sill
When the heart of June was throbbing,
And I, in sorrowful mood, alas !
For the days of my youth was sobbing.

“ O bird ! ” I cried, “ go forth to the fields
That smile in their summer glory,
And bring me a leaf of promise, like
The dove in the Hebrew story.”

The bird, on its hopeful mission bent,
Its shadowy wings uplifted,
And cleaving the radiant upper air,
Far out of my vision drifted.

But brought one day with a burst of song,

Whose like I had heard, oh, never !

A spray of forget-me-not from a friend

I thought I had lost forever.

My weeping ceased and my lightened heart

Gave up its desolate yearning,

For I knew by the song and I knew by the flower

That my longed-for youth was returning.

THE CHILD'S SERMON

WE walked in the faded meadows,
My boy and I,
After the gray November
Had chilled the sky ;
We gathered nuts which the schoolboys
Had missed in their search,
And leaves like panes from the windows
Of some old church.

Then, turning our faces homeward,
Our way we took
Along by the cedar hedges,
Where steals the brook

That ripples and breaks in summer
 With placid sound,
So narrow a child can leap it
 At easy bound.

But swollen with autumn torrents
 From hillsides brown,
The stream in an angry tumult
 Came rushing down ;
And o'er the accustomed pathway
 That led toward home,
It swept like a river, whitened
 With ships of foam.

The boy, at the roar unwonted,
 Drew back in fright,
And glanced at the household windows
 That gleamed in sight ;

But here and there in the current
 A stone lay fast,
And, lifting the child, in safety
 The stream was past.

At home, in his eager accents,
 The story he told
Of the brook grown into a river
 That rushed and roll'd ;
“ But how did you cross ? ” asked, doubting,
 Some questioner ;
“ Oh, mother lifted *me* over,
 And God brought her ! ”

Oh, innocent faith of childhood !
 That breaks the way
Where we, with our doubts and questions,
 Are kept at bay ;

For over my heart surged wildly,

 In stormy tones,

A river of fears and I saw not

 Faith's stepping-stones !

Held down too close to the human,

 My anxious soul !

Let God have a trust unfetter'd,

 When troubles roll ;

And walk with heroic calmness,

 Thy hand in his,

For he carries above thy vision

 Thy destinies.

GRATITUDE

IT is not, Lord, because my path
A new or higher outlook hath,
That I adore thee more ;
Its course I follow still the same
Through common fields of little fame
As seasons gone before.

Nor is it that my heart has been
More greatly blessed its depths within,
For blessings rich and free,
Beyond my soul's supreme demand,
Descending from thy liberal hand,
Have oft attended me.

It is not that my eyes can see
This gift or that received from thee,
To make this life complete ;
Nor yet that sorrow has been sent,
With thy unfathomed love's intent,
To bring me to thy feet.

Because thy way has proved the best ;
Because thy will, more manifest,
Grows sweeter day by day,
My heart to thine more closely knit,
Uplifted toward the infinite,
Would only praise and pray.

Therefore, though tongue cannot express
My swelling thoughts of tenderness,
This psalm, glad spirit, sing :
I thank thee ! from those inmost deeps
The soul in sacred silence keeps,
I thank thee, Father, King !

The chant that through cathedral aisle,
Impressive, stirs the suppliant while

Before his outward shrine,
Not more sublime or thrilling is
Than these unuttered symphonies
In voiceless souls like mine.

Oh, this is gift divine, complete,
That we may hold communion sweet
With thee, full fount of grace ;
Though calm or storm be overhead,
An upward road our souls may tread
Toward heaven, thy dwelling-place.

For this celestial tie that binds
With thy divine our human minds,
O grateful spirit, sing ;
For help, for comfort ever nigh,
For living springs that satisfy,
I thank thee, Father, King ! °

MORNING CRADLE SONG

BABY, unclose those eyes of blue,
The night has drifted by,
The morning-glories beckon thee
In colors from the sky ;
Wake, baby, wake from fairy dreams
To sweet realities ;
Listen ! the raptured air is thrilled
With nature's melodies.

Come, baby, come ! we'll hie away
To fields of rare delight,
And guard the birdlings while afar
The mother takes her flight

The kine shall give their milk for thee,
With clover blossoms sweet,
And starry buttercups shall dance
About thy twinkling feet.

ENDURANCE

WHATEVER faith, whatever creed,
 Whatever hope the soul may lead,
One thought supreme remaineth sure,
They are the happy who endure.

Through all the storms that blow and beat,
And scatter ruin at our feet,
This thought, like lofty beacon-light,
Sheds hopeful radiance through the night.

We find it threading ancient page
Of Hebrew lore, of Gentile sage ;
Apostles preached it, martyrs proved
By death heroic and unmoved.

Much is it to endure, O soul !
To hold thyself in such control,
That praise of friend nor blame of foe
Thy citadel can overthrow.

To bear with patience and repose
The hardness that a soldier knows ;
Thy victories with meekness meet,
Yet with composure face defeat.

Against the odds of circumstance
To breast the ills of time and chance ;
To walk unwelcome paths, yet, calm,
Chant still an uncomplaining psalm !

Yet there are wells of depths divine
Where they who drink life's bitter wine
May find with tender, grateful sense
A plenitude of recompense.

The consciousness of inward strength
From hard-fought conflicts won at length ;
The grand uplifting of the soul
Above the sting of human dole ;

Yea, more — they find a new accord,
A closer kinship with the Lord ;
And though bereft, despised, unknown,
They tread the wine-press not alone !

So be thy crown, O Christian, won,
So be thy earthly distance run ;
Maintain thy way with steadfast soul,
The truth thy aim, and Heaven thy goal.

TO A CHILD

O H, baby heart ! that hath such simple joys,
A sunbeam makes thee smile,
I wish, with all I know of woman's tears,
That I could travel backward thro' the years,
And talk with thee awhile.

It is but pleasant jest to offer thee
A penny for thy thought ;
Yet, jest aside, were that sweet thought set free,
What precious revelation would it be
Of much that God hath wrought !

So human in thy needy helplessness,
And yet so near divine,
I wonder when thy white soul steps across
The bound 'twixt heaven and earth to gather dross
In this rough world of mine.

I do not marvel when I recollect
That Jesus, undefil'd,
Taught the deep lesson in most gracious speech,
The heavenly kingdom is beyond the reach
Of any but a child.

Sleep, little one ! thy happy sleep of peace,
Whatever dreams may come ;
Some day God's hand will draw the veil aside,
And lead me just beyond to outlooks wide,
No longer blind and dumb.

And thou shalt live thy life, and walk earth's road
That leads through storm and calm.
God keep thee always like a trustful child,
That thou without a break of discord wild
Repeat thy closing psalm !

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD

ONCE more had the sun completed
The round of a golden day,
And men in the sultry twilight
Were taking their homeward way ;
Halting to ask, now the day was done,
“What tidings, to-night, from Elberon?”

September, mellow with summer,
Was wearing on to its close,
And still were the people watching,
With hope and with prayer, God knows !
“He has lived so long,” we said at last,
“It must be true that the worst is past.”

So home to their anxious households
Went men with a weary tread,
Yet daring to seek their slumbers
With less of accustomed dread ;
And the hearts of women with hope grew light
As they rocked their babies to sleep that night.

But solemnly, in the midnight,
The single stroke of a bell
Struck right to the heart of the Nation
The pain of its hopeless knell ;
And as if the doleful words it said,
We knew that the President was dead.

Dead ! in his glorious manhood,
Noble and brave and calm ;
Just crowned with the victor's laurel,
Crowned now with the martyr's palm ;
O stricken country, what sacrifice
Upon thy hallowed altar lies !

L. C. G.

Dead ! with his work unfinished,
His " trust " but just begun ;
His lofty thoughts unspoken,
Life's finest threads unspun ;
Unwilling, we cried, " It must not be ! "
When the sorrowful news came up from the sea.

Well, the world moves on without him,
Its great heart never at rest,
With its mission of high endeavor,
Its crowns that are thorny at best ;
Dead ? Nay, heroic souls like his
Are sealed to eternal ministries !

Perhaps in the years unfolding,
Some soul that can bear to climb,
Will grasp his defeated purpose
And finish his work sublime ;
For the earth is God's, and his plan goes on,
Though men, like the grass, are withered and gone.

But mothers will tell their children,
Through all the coming years,
The dear, pathetic story
Of a nation's prayers and tears,
When all the world, from sun to sun,
Watched for the news from Elberon.

“HE IS FAITHFUL THAT
PROMISED ”

“**S**TRENGTH as thy days shall be.”

But not, O Lord, to-day ;

The air is full of gloom and beating rain,

That fill my heart with heaviness and pain ;

Perhaps to-morrow, when the sky is clear

And heavenly things seem tangible and near,

Then I will lean on thee,

My strong support and stay.

“Thy burden cast on me.”

Not this, though great my need ;

Too rude it is for thy divine estate,

Too cumbersome with earth's oppressive weight ;

When I have shaped it ready for thy sight,
And made it more acceptable and light,
Then shall I find in thee
A present help indeed !

“ Come unto me and rest.”
Alas, dear Lord, not yet,
Though all my form is drooping with its load,
And I am weary with the toilsome road ;
When tasks are done and past earth’s wild alarms,
Then take me in thine everlasting arms,
And on thy loving breast,
Let me my cares forget.

“ Not so,” the Master saith,
“ The gospel promise reads ;
To-day’s too heavy cross with thee I share,
The vague to-morrow for itself shall care ;

To minister and comfort I was born,
My lot adversity, my crown of thorn ;
 O child of little faith,
Bring hither all thy needs ! ”

IDLE HANDS

MY hands are folded, yet are weary,
Though 't is not rest they need ;
For days have passed since they were lifted
To till or scatter seed.

I once among my busy neighbors
Was busier than they ;
They toil with still unceasing vigor,
But I 've no work to-day.

They labor gladly, looking forward
To harvest and reward ;
Their grateful prayers I hear at evening
Ascending to the Lord.

I do not need prepare for harvest,
For I shall never reap ;
My empty barns will mock me, having
Nor grain nor fruit to keep.

Sometimes my hands have wearied, weeding
The choking tares away,
And pruning useless offshoots, springing
Scarce noticed day by day.

And I have murmured, God forgive me,
That life had so much care ;
So many steps, and so few places
Of resting anywhere !

Oh, I would gladly bear my burdens
Through all the noonday heat,
Nor slight the hardest of my labors
To spare my aching feet,

If only, at my lonesome doorway,
 My little withered vine
Would spring and send its loving tendrils
 To this sad heart of mine.

O mothers, weeping in the twilights,
 This little quiet shoe
And empty crib will tell you wherefore
 I have no work to do !

A RELIC

I KNOW it is only a faded flower,
And merits your smile of scorn ;
You would not know it had been a rose
Except by the thorn.

But the sunny day it was given to me,
In the sacred long ago,
It was full of summer's fragrant breath
And love's red glow.

And never, oh, never ! in human soul,
A sweeter love was born ;
I would not know it ever had been
Except by the thorn.

THY WILL BE DONE

THY will be done ! Not lightly be it spoken,
To fall like tinkling cymbals on the air ;
Beyond all other words are these the token
Of resignation conquered from despair.

Not all who say “ Lord ! Lord ! ” can tell what
measure

Of heavy cost it takes their depth to learn ;
What loss of ease, what sacrifice of treasure,
What exile out of which is no return.

He who has proved this saying bears the traces
Of furnace fires that spare the gold alone ;
His conversation is in heavenly places,
His life is lived as God's and not his own.

His soul in restful patience he possesses,
Nor sighs for hopes that vanished unfulfilled,
As one who meets with loss yet still caresses
Regretful dreams with spirit half self-willed.

No more in things of time his heart is centred,
For he has seen their preciousness decrease ;
Has weighed the world and proved it void, and
entered
The upper chamber of abiding peace.

Thy will be done ! Oh, utterance magnetic !
That thrills anew the soul's diviner chords,
With deep compassion for that woe prophetic
That filled the anguished chalice of our Lord's.

Behold in that sublime self-abnegation
What lowly path the Man of Sorrows trod,
And know that out of thy humiliation
Shall grow the grace to stand before thy God.

Then not with lip irreverent be spoken

The hallowed words of God's all-suffering Son ;

But say with contrite heart and spirit broken,

Through loss, through sorrow, "Let Thy will be
done !"

MY NEIGHBOR'S WAYS

MY neighbor is young and winsome,
And moves with lithesome grace,
And a spirit of gentle sweetness
Illumines her lovely face ;
And I, though gloomy shadows
Have gathered across my days,
Forget that the world is dreary
In watching my neighbor's ways.

She orders her high-bred horses
And rides in the glorious air ;
Her cheeks are the color of roses,
And sunbeams glint in her hair ;

I, walking alone and silent,
Think not of the weary way,
For her limpid eyes as she passes
Shed splendor into the day.

She plays with her happy children
With all of their merry zest ;
She hushes their childish troubles,
And kisses them all to rest ;
I watch them with misty vision,
While memory fondly stirs,
And forget that my hearth is lonely
In seeing the joys of hers.

To-day they have drawn the curtains,
For sorrow has entered there ;
Death is a guest among them,
Whose visits are hard to bear ;

I know how under his torture
Her stricken soul will writhe ;
He chose her sweetest blossom
For the stroke of his swinging scythe.

Trials, like ghosts, have haunted
My dwelling this many a day,
But thinking about my neighbor
Has driven them half away ;
I look at the darkened windows,
I think of the grief within,
And it strikes a chord responsive
That makes the sorrowing kin.

And oh, ye broken-hearted !
Who sit by lonesome fires,
That piled with your bitter musings
Become vast funeral pyres,

It may be more cheer and gladness
 Would brighten your passing days,
If you cared for their joys and heart-aches,
 When watching your neighbors' ways.

RESURRECTION

THEY called her cold, unmoved, and few there
were

Who cared to walk the self-same path with her.

It led through shady ways, in quiet nooks,
Where deep, still pools were fed by unseen brooks.

Where Nature's patient fingers from the sod
Wrought out the exquisite ideals of God.

Sometimes from all the world she sat apart ;
Then she unlocked the cloister of her heart,

And in its sacredness long vigil kept
Above two graves where her beloved slept.

None knew what griefs her calm, brave soul had tried ;
Here Love and Hope lay buried side by side.

But Faith lived on, and even the dismal tomb
Had so been shorn of half its chill and gloom.

One day from human eyes she turned away,
Alone with God beside her dead to pray.

The curtaining cypress boughs did Faith undo,
And let the gladsome sunshine enter through ;

When, lo ! her graves that bare had lain before,
To-day a crown of bloom and verdure wore.

She smiled through reverent tears, as one has seen,
Ere rain has ceased, blue sky the clouds between.

She laid aside, as symbols of the past,
The sombre draperies Grief had round her cast ;

Took up her daily tasks serenely then,
For Love and Hope had risen to life again.

THE STORY THAT WAS N'T TOLD

“**N**OW for a story, Grandma,”
The children all began,
While one climbed up on the table,
And three for the sofa ran ;
And one, whose name was Mary,
Gentle, loving, and sweet,
Took for herself the footstool,
And sat at Grandma's feet.

“When I was a girl,” said Grandma,
At which her audience smiled ;
“You always begin in that way,”
Said one outspoken child ;

She smiled as from Mary's forehead

She lifted a straying curl,

"But the best of my life, dear children,

Happened when I was a girl.

"And you will find it likewise

If you live to be old and gray,

About your youth is a halo

That will never fade quite away ;

And not the polished diction

That falls from a faultless tongue

Will charm you like the stories

You hear while you are young.

"The fruit which now you relish

In after years will be

Quite tame, and you will fancy

The change is in the tree !

While the common flowers you gather
 When early morning gleams,
And the playmates of your childhood
 Will haunt you in your dreams.

“The dear old Scripture verses
 I learned in the long ago,
Of all the blessed Bible
 Are still the best that I know ;
I thought they came from heaven ;
 And my mind was all untaught
In the mazy disputations
 That scientists have wrought.

“And this I think is the reason
 Why Scripture learned in youth
Seems always to carry with it
 The clear imprint of truth ;

The child receives it simply,
Without a question or doubt,
Before the winds of doctrine
Have blown its goodness out."

Just then the clock on the mantel
Rang out a warning chime ;
"As true 's I live," said Grandma,
"I've used up all the time."
And the rueful boy on the table
Said, "Grandma, when we are old,
We shall always remember this one
As the story that was n't told !"

WILD ROSES

A YOUTH and a maiden, one morning in June,
When roadsides were blooming and birds were
in tune,

Each warbler outpouring his soul to his mate,
Went through the green lanes to a gay village fête.

Half-opened wild roses he broke from the stem,
And fastened her sunny brown tresses with them,
And said, speaking softly, as lovers will do,
“ My heart 's with the roses bound up, dear, with you.”

The dew on the meadow the secret revealed
Where the spider had woven its gossamer shield,
And the roses betrayed, by her blushing surprise,
The heart of the maid in her answering eyes.

Through lanes and through wood paths, all blossoming
sweet,

They went to the village with loitering feet ;
But, woe to the maiden ! another was there
With eyes like the midnight and fate in her hair.

Alone in the twilight she slowly returned,
Life's first disenchantment that day she had learned ;
Around her, all scattered, pink rose petals lay,
“ Wild roses,” she murmured, “ are gone in a day.”

In the hush of her chamber she loosened her hair,
The stems of the roses fell withered and bare ;
And she said, proudly brushing the quick tears away,
“ Man's love, like wild roses, lasts only a day ! ”

SUMMER DAYS

THE air is delicious and dreamy,
The sky wears its midsummer hue,
As I look through the arch of the elm-trees
Up into its infinite blue ;
And Nature, the plenteous mother,
Whose liberal hand never stays,
Has poured out the best of her treasures,
Sweet summer days ;
Days, oh, the days ! Dear summer days !

The spell of the season enwraps me,
I give myself up to my dreams :
Earth's sorrows and cares are forgotten,
And life all in harmony seems ;

And out of the years retrospective,
In their veil of impalpable haze,
Come back, like a vision enchanted,
Youth's summer days ;
Days, blissful days ! Love's summer days.

The bee lingers long in the clover,
The dragonfly's gossamer wings
Float drowsily by, and the robin
Calls low from the bough where he swings :
A spirit benign and subduing
My soul with its influence sways,
And I long for the peace of Elysium,
Blest summer days ;
Days, perfect days ! Heaven's summer days !

MY TASK

MY Master set a task for me to do,
A fragment in the web of life to weave,
And bade me toil the changing seasons through,
Until the fabric finished I could leave ;
So day by day, in sun or gathering gloom,
I wrought my Master's work upon the loom.

One day came Fame, a-knocking at my door,
With beaming eyes and soul-ensnaring hair ;
She held a crystal lens my gaze before,
And showed me all her kingdoms wide and fair ;
“ These dazzling realms may all be thine,” said she ;
“ Leave thy degrading task and follow me.”

So lovely was she with those kindling eyes,
I stayed my loom, forgot my tangled thread ;
Then I recalled my Master's grieved surprise,
And, turning from her, " Duty first," I said ;
She frowned and went her way, and nevermore
Did she come knocking at my humble door.

Then Pleasure came, with laughter on her lip,
And clear, sweet tones that thrilled me when she
spoke :

" Too hard the task that claims thy workmanship,
Thy neck is bent beneath a cruel yoke ;
Oh, come ! " I followed her with captive sense,
Then sought my loom again in penitence.

Months grew to seasons, then in years were lost,
While still I wrought, whatever wind might blow ;
Against what odds, at what unreckoned cost,
They only who have likewise toiled may know ;

My guide was Duty, resolute and stern,
Yet gracious when her purpose we discern.

For she has brightened all the weary time
With sweetest flowers that she has taught to grow ;
Luxuriant vines about my doorway climb
That shelter me alike from sun or snow ;
She beckons Love, who comes with gentle tread
And breaks with me her loaf of pleasant bread.

My work is nearly done — in level lines
The sunlight falls across my shortening thread ;
By this I know life's busy day declines,
And night comes on with far stars overhead ;
When morning dawns my Master I shall see,
And understand the task he set for me.

PAULINE

ONE cloudy day a sudden flood of light
Within the room a radiant glory shed :
I thought it must be sunshine warm and bright,
It was Pauline instead.

A girlish figure in a crimson gown,
With clear, frank eyes, where innocence reposed,
A graceful head with hair in waves of brown,
She stood, all charm, disclosed.

Yet she is dead ; despairing, mute we sit,
Beneath the heavy shadow of the cross ;
We see not yet the hand of God in it,
We only know our loss.

Pauline ! Pauline ! fond hearts call out for her,
 Beneath white heaps of roses lying low ;
She answers not, her garments make no stir,
 Oh, wherefore did she go ?

But cloudy days, when suddenly the sun
 Throws o'er the room a lustrous, golden sheen,
I shall forget that life for her is done,
 And think " It is Pauline ! "

HYMN

'T IS a thorny path we tread,
Set with dangers, dark with fears,
And our steps are often led
Through the rain of falling tears ;
But beyond us lies the land
Of a never-ending day,
And our Father's loving hand
All our tears shall wipe away.

Oh, how bright will be the gleam
Of that morn of perfect bliss ;
Oh, how dear that world will seem
After all the woes of this !

We shall meet the loved ones then
Who are laid beneath the sod ;
We shall be at home again,
In the family of God.

Let us then, with steadfast feet,
Toward the heavenly country press,
Watching for the summons sweet
That shall crown our faithfulness ;
Earthly conflict soon will cease,
Soon be loosed the silver cord ;
We shall then, with souls at peace,
Dwell forever with the Lord.

IN THE GRAY DAWN

IN the gray dawn,

When trees with heavy dews were bending down,
Death walked across the silent, sleeping town ;
And one he met, upon whose brow were drawn
The lines of pain the hopeless only know,
Who, pleading, said, " O Death, clasp hands with me !
I cannot grasp life's solemn mystery,
Nor breast its cruel waves ; then let me go
Where peaceful Lethe flows,
And on forgetful banks the lotus grows."

But Death said, " Nay !
Go back to life's activities again, '
And bear its burdens with thy fellow-men ;
Learn what it is to suffer, wait, and pray."

Then he returned, his kindred still to bless,
To duty's claims, to earth's unwelcome strife ;
And men drew inspiration from his life
Of gentle deeds and sweet unselfishness :

He fought his battle well,
His day of victory God alone can tell.

In the gray dawn,
When fleeing shadows through the trees crept down,
Death walked across the still, unconscious town ;
White mists enveloped dwelling, shrub, and lawn,
Like funeral garments folded round the dead ;
He met the man of sorrow, sad and worn
With anguish his submissive soul had borne ;
“ O Death, clasp hands with me ! ” again he said,
And then, compassionate,
Death clasped his hand, and set ajar the gate.

OCTOBER FIELDS

ALL in the mild October weather
We two went over the fields together ;
The corn was cut and the stubble was rough,
But we were blithe and happy enough ;
For autumn hues in the woods were blending,
Its mellow riches the sun was spending,
And nuts were dropping from oak and beech
As we went onward with pleasant speech.

Late birds above us were southward flying,
In hollows drifts of leaves were lying,
While up from the brook came slumbrously
Its dreamy ripple of melody ;

We gave the rein to our teeming fancies,
We cared not then for life's mischances ;
The world was sunny and we were gay
As over the fields we went that day.

O long-gone day ! 'T is again October,
But we are weary and gray and sober ;
All the way has the road been rough,
Yet we are cheerful and happy enough ;
For low in the west the sun is glowing,
And we to eternal fields are going,
Into the dark but a little way,
And then the summer, the calm, and the day !

THE TWO ROADS

SOMETIMES, perplexed, with hesitating feet,
We stand where two roads meet ;
The true, right way we would not blindly see,
Yet know not which to choose.

And, standing thus, with lifted hearts we pray
That God will lead the way ;
We do not ask the path be smooth or wide,
If only he will guide.

Then like a bell when quiet evening falls,
Our Father clearly calls,
And past the turning where the roads divide,
We recognize our Guide.

So then we follow on with listening ear
His gentle voice to hear ;
Through tangled growths, perhaps, of wilderness,
That weary and distress.

So difficult, sometimes, the way appears,
Our hearts are torn with fears.
“ This cannot be,” we say, “ the path he plann’d ;
Did we misunderstand ?

“ The other, happier road he must have meant,
With loving, kind intent ;
Had we but followed that instead of this,
Life might have been all bliss ! ”

Our bruised feet drag painfully and slow,
As up the hills we go ;
Our useless prayers return, we think, unheard,
Or does God break his word ?

Yet looking down the pathway we have come,
Our murmuring lips grow dumb ;
Though grim mistakes have strewn that rugged track,
There is no turning back.

No, naught to do but onward still to press,
With patient earnestness ;
And naught to gain but crush despair and doubt
And work our problem out.

Oh, then our Guide's inspiring voice we hear
Before us calm and clear,
And know we tread, whatever ills befall,
The right road after all !

Till some bright dawn the longed-for height we gain
Where all the past is plain,
When he whose will we failed to understand
Reveals the promised land.

And then with humbled, reverent hearts we learn
What hardships for us earn ;
What courage, helpfulness, and strength we win
From earthly discipline.

AN EVENING PRAYER

LIFE'S opening voyage, Lord, thou didst safely
keep

O'er childhood's sheltered bays ;
As now the tides of age around me creep,
Protect my shortening days.

Thou didst defend my youth when sped my bark
Out toward the open sea ;
As I approach the shore, unknown and dark,
Still guard and care for me.

Becalmed by idle winds on placid seas,
Thy vigil did not cease ;
Now tempests beat, and when I shrink from these,
Impart uplifting peace.

When Joy, bright winged, poised lightly on the prow,
Thou gently didst restrain ;
Though Sorrow often voyages with me now,
My troubled soul sustain.

When many ships were nigh and skies were bright,
I knew thy presence sweet ;
As one by one they vanish in the night,
Draw near me, I entreat.

Lord, thou hast been companion, friend, and guide
O'er life's unresting sea ;
When Death, the gentle pilot, stands beside,
Oh, make the port with me !

Poems for Special Occasions

GOLDEN WEDDING

1834 — ALTON and THEODATE S. POPE — 1884

January the second

LIKE fruit of gold in silver pictures fitted,
The Preacher called a fitly spoken word ;
I would my muse had poured me, ere she flitted,
A draft of genius so divinely stirred,
That these commemorative words might hold
A worth as precious and as real as gold.

Yet none the less they frame the deep affection
Of those who greet you on this golden day,
Which thrills your hearts with tender recollection
Of that grave Quaker meeting far away,
Where trustingly you spoke with loving tongue
Your marriage promises when you were young.

To-day you reach this Golden Milestone, ending
The long, unbroken march of fifty years ;
What mem'ries glad and sorrowful are blending
As, looking back, the varied road appears,
With all its pleasant fields, its stormy waves,
Its cherished friendships and its hallowed graves.

What changes have been wrought before your
vision !

What grand development, what sweep of thought !
As if the human mind, with keen precision,
Fresh wisdom from the Infinite had caught !
Yet toward whatever summit men may grow,
God is the same as fifty years ago.

And He who blessed you on your bridal morning,
Still guides you tenderly with loving hand ;
Though time lifts up a friendly hand of warning,
You linger calmly in life's border-land ;

Secure in Him, faith brightens more and more,
As dimmer grows Earth's fast-receding shore.

“There is no death, what seems so is transition,”
Our own immortal poet sweetly saith :
The perfect rounding out of life's condition,
The loos'ning of the fettered soul — is death ;
“The bourn from which no traveller returns ”
Is home for which the Christian pilgrim yearns.

And so we come with joy and not with weeping,
To crown you on this golden harvest day ;
You sowed, sometimes, with tears but may the
reaping
Be full of peace, while love smooths all the way,
And time a few more happy seasons leaves,
Ere you, rejoicing, carry home your sheaves !

SILVER WEDDING

1858 — MR. and MRS. THOMAS WHIPPLE — 1883

DOWN the gliding stream of time
 You have sailed your boat together,
Through life's wintry cloud and rime,
 Through its pleasant summer weather ;
 Till you rest your oars to-day
 In this peaceful silver bay.

Countless wishes fill your cup,
 That your joys may long be double ;
Drink the sweet libation up,
 Friendship lays a spell on trouble ;
 And the goblet holds but bliss
 Filled on such a day as this !

Many gave you words of cheer,
Full of blessing when you started ;
Some are scattered, some are near,
All with one accord true-hearted,
In the hope that God will guide
Gently down life's ebbing tide.

Some are scattered, some are near ;
Some who joined your happy laughter,
When your sky with hope was clear
For the new life coming after,
Now their raptured vows repeat
At the Heavenly Bridegroom's feet.

Down the silver stream of time
May you sail on, still together,
Toward yon fair celestial clime,
Meeting life's most sunny weather,
Till in silvery age may you
Keep your Golden Wedding too !

ONE SCORE AND ONE

1870 — To H. P. — 1891

December the sixteenth

WHEN, one December day, the angel Life
Paused in his radiant flight
And laid thee, child of light,
Upon my breast, what star with fortune rife
Shone down upon thee from the heaven afar,
Where all our destinies foreshadowed are?

If wise astrologer, with prescient ken,
Had cast thy horoscope,
My babe of love and hope,
No gloomy fate had he portended then ;
For this I know, brave spirits such as thine
The ills of life serve only to refine.

Look back, to-day, upon thy childhood glad, —

Those years of careless glee,

From sorrow strangely free,

With dearest comrade childhood ever had !

Birds of one nest, you two, with hearts that beat

Tuned to one note and that note true and sweet.

So childhood passed, on iridescent wing,

And youth came on apace,

Fair time of charm and grace ;

But envious Death, above us hovering,

Swooped down, relentless, eager for his prey,

And bore thy winsome, gifted mate away.

Angels may well have sung a loftier strain

To welcome him in heaven,

To whom so much was given

Earth seemed for him almost too low a plane ;

When Knowledge called in even her rarest mood,

His soul, responsive, heard and understood.

'T is said that time heals all our wounds, — to me
Faith teaches in this wise :

That we can bravely rise
Above our earthly sorrows, yea, that we
Learn to adjust ourselves to life's decrees,
As trees grow strong though swept by every breeze.

Youth, too, is gone ; before thee lengthening slopes
Of meadow land untilled,
With Nature's richness filled,
Invite thy energies, inspire thy hopes ;
For now at manhood's threshold dost thou stand,
With seed for future sowing in thy hand.

Sow faithfully and well, O boy of mine !

What grain for thee may wave
Between thee and thy grave ;
What fruit may glow with life's most glorious wine ;
What harvests crown thy words of tongue and pen
When sinks thy sun at threescore years and ten !

THE LOST BABY

1880 — To A. P. — 1884

January the thirty-first

BOYS, go and look for the baby,

I have n't seen him to-day ;

He was never inclined to wander,

So he cannot be far away.

We have hunted and hunted since day came on,

But we don't know whither the baby has gone.

Go over to Grandma's and ask her

If the baby is there to-day ;

Go look in her tempting pantry,

And down where the kittens play.

But Grandma says he has not been there,

And she 's looked the house through everywhere.

Go ask the busy people
Who are passing along the street,
If they 've seen on the snowy sidewalk
The prints of a baby's feet.
We have asked them all, but none to-day
Have seen a baby along the way.

Then set the bells a-ringing
And shout that a baby is lost !
Go search the wide world over,
Nor mind the trouble or cost.
But Father Time, with a footstep fast,
Went by and told us to look in the past.

The past ! Oh, now I remember !
Why did n't I think before ?
To-day is the baby's birthday,
And his years count up to four ;
He 's not a baby to cry and fuss,
But a romping boy like the rest of us !

A SENIOR WRANGLE

1875 — To A. L. P. — 1893

January the fifth

MY Senior, O my Senior !

Hard rows you 've had to hoe,
Since you started on the alphabet,
Some dozen years ago ;
'T is tedious kind of farming,
This seeding down the mind,
Then training all the shoots to grow
And leave the weeds behind.

My Senior, O my Senior !

You 've bravely faced your task,
Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
No more could critic ask ;

But with algebra and science,
With Greek roots dearly prized,
Do you ever think it possible
You may get fossilized?

My Senior, O my Senior !
The world is all a book,
With pages closely written o'er,
Wherever you may look ;
Forever freshly filling
Is the well from which you drink,
Though many an outworn traveller
Dies, thirsting, at the brink.

My Senior, O my Senior !
Think not that all is learned
When from your Alma Mater's knee
Triumphant you have turned ;

To conquer, still to conquer,—
Be this your watchword true,
Nor will you weep that no more worlds
Are left you to subdue.

.

For oh, my thoughtful Senior,
The kingdoms to be won
Are not like those that fell before
The sword of Macedon ;
The realms of mind within you
Have neither bound nor end,
But through God's far eternities
They, limitless, extend.

Then buckle on your armor,
Like soldier good and true,
And with your young compatriots
March on to conquests new ;

.

But do not handle learning

With pedant's shallow touch ;

Be broad, be thorough, always true,—

The world hath need of such.

LITTLE FOXES

FOR A HOME SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE Saviour has planted a vine
In the heart of each little child,
O children, tend it with watchful care
And keep it from growing wild.

The Saviour will tell you the way
The branches to train and trim ;
But little foxes will spoil the vine
Unless you remember him.

The foxes are wilful acts
And the thoughtless words you say ;
But Jesus will help you to conquer them,
If only you watch and pray.

The sun of his love will shine,
The rain of his mercy bless,
And you will gather in harvest-time
The fruit of his righteousness.

FOR ARBOR DAY

TREES are our friends, faithful come cold or heat ;
Wise teachers too are they, each passing year
God's deep, inspiring lessons they repeat,
As leaf and flower and fruit, in turn, appear.
So then plant trees ; when death comes they will wave
With kindly benedictions o'er thy grave.

A NEW NATIONAL PROBLEM

A "CURRENT ITEM" FOR A HIGH-SCHOOL BOY

THE country worked with might and main
And votes that proved Invincibles,
To get a man to steer the ship
And carry out her principles.

They say that Mr. Garfield now
Is making up his Cabinet,
And North and South, both white and black,
Would like to get a dab in it.

In Congress they explore the depths
Of national security,
And speeches make of sounding brass,
To send down to futurity.

The Indian question 's let alone,
The Mormon handled warily ;
The Chinese and the " Solid South "
Are settled temporarily.

But Bowen has just found a class
Of most perplexing residents,
And no one knows just what to do
With Uncle Sam's ex-Presidents.

A SONG OF THE BALLOT

WHEN women vote, oh, then
There 'll be no need of men ;
Those useless functionaries we will relegate,
Subdued and obsolete,
To the remote back seat,
And clear the forum for the female delegate.

When women vote, then too
We 'll sail our own canoe,
While shipwrecked men will envy our temerity ;
Newspapers we will run,
Moreover, 't will be done
We promise you, with neatness and celerity.

When that day comes to pass
That women vote, alas !

What will become of that old-fashioned simile
About the oak and vine
That loves to cling and twine,
And all that sort of nonsense mild and drivelly?

When women vote and thrive,
The girls shall all survive,
And gaze enraptured on their grand futurity ;
But boys, no more in luck,
Composedly we 'll duck,
Deep in the rolling Ganges of obscurity.

We 'll stand compact and true,
When foreign troubles brew,
And quarrels such as these that Chili carries on ;
For we view with high disdain
The spectacle that Blaine
Should fail of reciprocity with Harrison.

In short, when women vote
We 'll keep the ship afloat
On safer principles than these empirical,
Unjust, misguided schemes
With which man's cranium teems,
Till even the heathen Chineese grows satirical.

And yet, when women vote,
We 'll take a long-time note
From our old foe at discount quite magnanimous ;
The office we will fill
Of sister to him still,
Elect him second mate with voice unanimous.

More than half price we 'll pay
For work, and let him play
The second violin in business national ;
And thus, when women vote,
We 'll steer Columbia's boat,
In manner wise, considerate, and rational.

THE OLD PATRIOT

WE 've travelled on together, old wife, this many
a day ;

I know the end is coming, and I have n't long to stay ;
Already I have borrowed of the Lord a half a score,
I'll be content if he will grant me just a few days
more.

The time is coming when the country needs her loyal
men,

And I must give my voice to Right and Liberty again ;
My vote shall go for Lincoln, — some folks think he's
rather slow, —

They gave the evils he is battling time enough to
grow.

They say these fiends are Democrats against the
Union set ;

It's false, I'm not a traitor, but I'm democratic yet ;
And I'll stand by my country, now she is sore distrest,
With hands clear of dishonor like Ben Butler and the
rest !

My first vote fell for Jefferson, I went for Jackson too ;
My neighbors all opposed me, but I put the ticket
through.

If he had lived till these times, things would be in
better trim ;

I'd like to hear a rebel talk of compromise to *him* !

I'm thinking of the good old days when all our boys
were here,

How glad they used to make the house, this season
of the year !

We 're fallen on evil times, old wife, or we should
never be

Left thus with only Hannah's girls to keep us
company.

We little knew, those days, what we were training
children for,

And yet I often used to think the issue must be war ;
Two sons shot down at Gettysburg and one at Mal-
vern Hill, —

I never have forgiven his death, no, and I never will !

And Hannah's husband's coming home without his
good right arm, —

His girls, like patriots, say they mean to carry on the
farm ;

My grandsons, under Sherman, show their bringing up,
they say,

One fell a hero, and the rest are foremost in the fray.

We mourned when John, our eldest, settled South, so
far away ;

I know his bent — I'm glad he did n't live to see
this day.

I always blamed the Lord because he took from me
my child ;

John would have been a rebel, and now I'm
reconcil'd !

I've given my children, all I had, to freedom and
the laws ;

They could not fight for stronger claim nor fall in
nobler cause ;

I wish my eyes were surer and my arm had steadier
poise,

I'd go to old Virginia and fight beside my boys !

THE DUTY OF THE HOUR

OUT rang the bells of Cleveland upon her natal
day,
Fair shone her flags and banners and gardens in
brave array ;
While the great of State and Nation had come from
far and near
To bind upon her forehead the bays of her hundredth
year.

Along the street, close-crowded, were marching in
grand parade
The heroes of many battles, the makers of civic
trade,

When up from the crowd went ringing a cheer that
shook the town

As, with bow and smile responding, McKinley came
riding down.

McKinley, the standard-bearer, a stalwart party's
pride,

The hope of a nation threatened by an overwhelming
tide ;

By rampant foes, disloyal, who aim at a shining
mark,

And cowardly assassins who strike a blow in the
dark.

But amid the smiles and plaudits, as the line went
marching by,

On McKinley's face was written a look that was grave
and high ;

And I knew this fiery trial, when faith almost grows
dim,

Not only teaches the people but proves the soul in
him,

And thought went turning backward to a time in far-
off years,

When another throng was gathered and the air was
rent with cheers ;

When higher than all the people, like Saul, the
chosen of God,

Stood Lincoln, the man of the hour, and we wor-
shipped the ground he trod !

He gave us a hearty greeting, and yet his deep sad
eyes

Seemed lit with a prophet's vision of the future's
great emprise ;

In the fateful years that followed, when the Union
ship was proved,
And the doubting shrank and wavered, he stood at
the helm unmoved.

The critics say that McKinley is weak, but this I
know :

When God appoints a captain He gives him the
strength to go ;

And when, in party conflict and the strife of class or
clan,

The hour demands a leader, He always equips the
man.

“ Except the Lord be builder, the workmen labor in
vain,”

(The Bible is out of date, but the principle is
plain) ;

And many a time it happens, in the war of Right with
Wrong,
That the few encompass the many and the weak
confound the strong.

So, then, go up to battle as a duty that must be
done,
With the patriotic spirit they bore in 'Sixty-one ;
But not with haughty boasting, nor trumpet's arro-
gant sound ;
Put off your shoes in rev'rence, for this is holy
ground.

For the country is in danger, and higher than party
fame
And the rivalry of sections is the nation's sacred
claim ;

Creeds differ, but keep her honor above the game-
ster's tricks ;

Aim steady and quit you nobly, O men of 'Ninety-
six !

A. CAVALRY RAID

UNFURL the old flag, let it thrill you anew,
Fling out from your housetops the red, white
and blue ;

Bring out the bright yellow and make the town gay,
For the old First Maine Cavalry ride here to-day.

Not with bugle and sabre and carbine they ride,
Not as warriors all nerved for the battle's red tide ;
But with peace on their guidons, repose on their brows,
In the spirit that bravely earned freedom endows.

It is many a year since I saw the old State,
And many the changes recorded by fate ;
But I know that her blessing is still at the claim
Of the blue-coated boys who once marched in her
name.

For when the war sounded its tocsin of woe,
A Spartan, old Maine bade her patriots "Go!"
And on many a field, swept by traitorous guns,
Was shed for the Union the blood of her sons.

A price above rubies she offered to save
The land of her love from Rebellion's wild wave;
Not in vain was that pathway of loyalty trod,
For in peace she is crowned with the favor of God.

Still reigns her proud country, united and free,
Her fortunate ships whiten many a sea,
While the fruit of her spindles is borne round the
earth,
And her statesmen bring fame to the home of their
birth.

Oh, well do I know where your Boothby is laid,
For to that very spot oft in childhood I strayed;

I know the green sod that his brave form enshrines,
And the threnodies sung by the sorrowing pines.

Peace be to his ashes ! and peace to them all
Who shrank not from duty though Death rang the
call ;

And honor to all the old heroes to-day
Who now, in life's autumn, are wearing the gray !

So fill up your glasses, but not with Tokay,
For wine would be treason where water holds sway ;
But with friendship's pure vintage that makes the
heart glow—

No State in the Union wine warmer can show.

Run up the old flag, then, and bless every thread,
With a cheer for the living, a tear for the dead ;
Bring out the bright yellow and make the town gay,
For the old First Maine Cavalry ride here to-day !

AFTER TAPS

DEDICATED TO THE FIRST MAINE CAVALRY

WHEN the Union was menaced with danger,
You sprang to your steeds for the fray ;
Though War stood before you a stranger,
You faced him with naught of dismay ;
The warfare of life is not ended,
Still are battles before you, perhaps ;
But when the last post is defended,
Your rest will be sure after Taps ;
After Taps, old First Maine !
After life's wearing strain ;
Oh, when the last combat is ended,
And the Right you have bravely defended,
Your rest will be sure after Taps.

That man has the best of the quarrel
 With Evil, who faces his foe ;
And he who aspires to the laurel
 The wounds of the victor must show ;
Life offers exacting conditions,
 Holds many defeats and mishaps ;
But effort wins higher commissions,
 And peace settles down after Taps ;
 After Taps, brave First Maine !
 After hardship and pain ;
When you 've nobly fulfilled life's conditions,
And won your eternal commissions,
 Then peace will be yours after Taps !

Day by day are your ranks growing thinner,
 One by one gains the roll of the dead ;
While Fate, the inflexible spinner,
 Waits to sever life's weakening thread ;

But when the hard contest is over,
And Death each brave veteran enwraps,
Then under the red and white clover
Your sleep will be sweet after Taps ;
After Taps, grand First Maine !
In the dew and the rain ;
Oh, under the blossoming clover,
When the march and the conflict are over,
Your sleep will be sweet after Taps.

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